

WILD BOY

Jungle Sorcery... THE CURSE OF KALUNGA

10c

No. 8
OCT.-NOV.

Wild Boy



Spoor Of
The Killer...
MAN-EATER



A Joe Barton Special ... THE RIVER OF ALLAH



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**"FOR IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER!
WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER!"**



MEET US ALL MONTHLY

IN

G.I. Joe

52 BIG PAGES!

EXCITING BATTLE ACTION!



Susy



Lilith

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

**12 issues for \$1.00
regularly \$1.20**

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

Send your subscriptions to
**Ziff-Davis Publishing Co.,
366 Madison Avenue,
New York 17, N. Y.**



10c at All Newsstands

Wholesome Reading For the Entire Family

COPYRIGHT, 1952 BY ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

WILD BOY, Vol. 2, No. 8, Oct.-Nov., 1952. Published bi-monthly by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 185 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice Presidents—Michael H. Froelich; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Philips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director; Louis Zera, Associate Editorial Director; G. E. Carney, Secretary-Treasurer; Herman R. Bollin, Art Director; Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Single copies 10c. Herbert W. Rogoff, Editor. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois, additional entry, Bridgeport, Conn. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions, \$1.20 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.20 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 64 East Lake Street, Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

WILD BOY

"The CURSE OF KALUNGA!"

FROM THE INNER DEPTHS OF A MURKY SWAMP, IT STRODE FORTH IN ALL ITS GRISLY TERROR. WAS IT DEMON OR SPIRIT? MAN OR BEAST? AN ENTIRE VILLAGE TREMBLED AT ITS NAME, AND SO IT REMAINED FOR **WILD BOY** ALONE TO CHALLENGE... **"THE CURSE OF KALUNGA!"**



IN A TINY VILLAGE THAT BORDERS THE HOSTILE JUNGLE, **WILD BOY** AND **KEETO** WITNESS A SOLEMN NATIVE CEREMONY... BUT IN THE CROWD OF NATIVE ONLOOKERS...

WATCH CLOSELY, **WILD BOY**! CHIEF **NEDRU** WILL NOW GIVE THEM HIS BLESSING! IT MEANS THAT HIS DAUGHTER, **WAMPITTI**, AND THE WARRIOR, **ASKURRI**, WILL BE MARRIED ON THE NEXT FEAST DAY!

I KNOW **ASKURRI** WELL, **KEETO**. HE IS A BRAVE FIGHTER AND A SKILLED HUNTER!

I SHOULD BE IN **ASKURRI**'S PLACE. HE HAS WON **WAMPITTI** THROUGH **TRICKERY** AND **LIES**! HE WILL PAY FOR IT WITH HIS LIFE!





COWARD AND
WEAKLING! DEATH
TO ASKURRI!



OH-HHH!

THUD!



Aii-iii!



RELEASE WAGABI, WILD
BOY, AND WE WILL DO
FAIR BATTLE BEFORE
THE VILLAGE!

WAIT!



THERE WILL BE NO
BATTLE WITH THIS ONE;
ASKURRI! HE HAS
RAISED HIS KNIFE
AGAINST ONE OF HIS
OWN PEOPLE, AND
THE LAW SAYS HE
MUST BE EXILED
FROM OUR VILLAGE
AND CAST OUT
FROM OUR TRIBE!
INTO THE JUNGLE,
WAGABI! LIVE WITH
THE BEASTS AND
NEVER RETURN!



I GO, NEDRU —
BUT I WILL
NEVER FORGET
THIS DAY! I
SHALL BRING
THE CURSE OF
KALUNGA
AGAINST YOU
AND ALL THE
TRIBE!



YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, WILD BOY!
MANY THANKS!

BE WARY,
ASKURRI!
WAGABI
PLANS EVIL!

THAT EVENING...

TELL ME, KEETO! WHAT IS THE CURSE OF KALUNGA?

KALUNGA IS AN ANCIENT SPIRIT DEMON! IT IS SAID THAT HE MAKES HIS HOME IN THE GREAT SWAMP! I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM, BUT THOSE WHO HAVE SAY HE IS TERRIBLE TO LOOK UPON! HE IS LIKE A SNAKE!

IT IS ALSO SAID THAT IF A MAN ASKS FOR KALUNGA'S HELP, AND HE BE IN THE RIGHT-- THEN KALUNGA WILL HELP! BUT IF HE IS **WRONG**, THEN HE WILL BE **CURSED** BY THE DEMON!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, KEETO, WHY WOULD WAGABI ASK FOR HELP-- WHEN HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS DONE WRONG?

I HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, WILD BOY, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THAT ONLY KALUNGA CAN DECIDE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS TWO NATIVES SEARCH THE SWAMP FOR GAME, A SUDDEN SOUND FILLS THEM WITH TREMBLING FEAR...



LISTEN, BATTU! THE CRY OF A BEAST!

GROW-RR!



IT IS KALUNGA!

I COME TO AVENGE, WAGABI! PREPARE TO DIE!



ARRGHH!

THUD!



I HAVE PLANNED IT WELL! SOON THE WORD WILL SPREAD THAT KALUNGA AVENGES WAGABI! THEY WILL **BEG** FOR MY RETURN-- BUT FIRST ASKURRI MUST **DIE**!

NEWS OF THE KILLING STAMPEDES THE VILLAGE INTO A FIERY FRENZY OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR...



WAGABI'S CURSE IS TRUE! THE WRATH OF KALUNGA IS UPON US!

WAIT, MY PEOPLE! LET ME SPEAK!



WE DO NOT WANT WORDS, NEDRU! BRING BACK WAGABI! GIVE HIM YOUR DAUGHTER AS WIFE, BEFORE KALUNGA SLAYS US ALL!



WAIT! ARE YOU WARRIORS OR COWARDS? PUT ASIDE YOUR FEAR AND LISTEN! YOU SAY KALUNGA FAVORS WAGABI -- BUT IS THIS REALLY SO?



WHAT IF WAGABI LIED TO KALUNGA? HE MUST HEAR THE TRUTH FROM ONE OF US!

YES, BUT WHO WOULD DARE FACE KALUNGA?



I WILL! I WILL TELL HIM OF WAGABI'S EVIL -- AND HE WILL DECIDE WHICH OF US TELLS THE TRUTH!



BEAT THE DRUMS! TELL KALUNGA THAT ASKURRI WOULD SPEAK TO HIM IN THE GREAT SWAMP!

MOMENTS LATER, THE AIR VIBRATES TO THE PULSATING MESSAGE OF JUNGLE TOM-TOMS...

I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, WILD BOY, BUT I FEEL AS THOUGH ASKURRI WERE GOING TO HIS DEATH!

IT IS MY FEELING, TOO, KEETO! BUT I HAVE A PLAN! COME, WE MUST LEAVE THE VILLAGE AT ONCE!



THAT EVENING, AS TWILIGHT FALLS IN THE GREAT SWAMP...



AND FROM THEIR PROTECTIVE COVER, CHIEF NEDRU AND HIS WARRIORS LOOK ON WITH AMAZEMENT...



SECONDS LATER, THE BATTLE IS OVER...



BEHOLD, GREAT WARRIORS!
HIS FACE IS FIERCE, BUT
HIS BODY TREMBLES
LIKE GRASS IN THE
WIND!



THIS IS NO GREAT SPIRIT!
THIS IS NOT KALUNGA —
BUT THE COWARD WAGABI!

IT IS
TRUE!
LOOK,
NEDRU,
HE WEARS
A MASK!



SPARE ME,
NEDRU! I
WILL DO ALL
YOU SAY!
MERCY,
NEDRU,
MERCY!

NO! YOU SHALL PAY
FOR THIS EVIL!
SEIZE HIM, WARRIORS!
TEAR OFF HIS
EVIL MASK!

BUT WHEN THE MASK IS
TORN FREE...



NEDRU!
LOOK!

HIS FACE
HAS CHANGED!



WAIT! DO NOT FOLLOW!
WAGABI NOW BELONGS
TO KALUNGA!



WAGABI HAS
PAID FOR HIS
EVIL, AND BECAUSE
OF YOU, WILD
BOY, I NOW
CAN MARRY
WAMPITTI!

I AM GLAD, ASKURRI! NO
MAN CAN EXPLAIN WHAT
HAPPENED, BUT WE HAVE
SEEN WAGABI'S
PUNISHMENT! WE MUST
NEVER PRY INTO THINGS
THAT WE CANNOT
UNDERSTAND!

TIME PASSES. WITH EACH PASSING MONTH
THE SET OF WAGABI'S SERPENTINE FACE
DEEPENS. AND WHENEVER THE MOON IS
FULL, HIS AGONIZING CRY RINGS
MOURNFULLY THROUGH THE BROODING
JUNGLE NIGHT. A GRIM REMINDER TO
THOSE WHO WOULD PLOT EVIL!



THE END

WILD BOY

in

MAN-EATER

REX CUTLER HUNTED WITH A CAMERA. HE FACED COUNTLESS HAZARDS AND RISKED DEATH EVERY DAY TO GET THE ONLY TROPHIES THAT MATTERED TO HIM — FINE PICTURES OF WILD BEASTS. OUR STORY OPENS IN SWAMALI TERRITORY. WE SEE CUTLER AND HIS CAMERAMAN AS THEY FOCUS ON A HULKING RHINO FROM BEHIND AN IMPROVISED BLIND NEAR A WATER HOLE ...

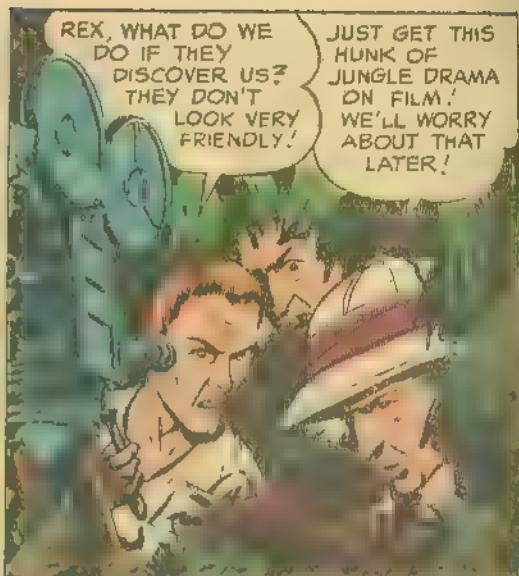


SUDDENLY, A DEADLY SWISH OF SPEARS INTERRUPTS THE SAVAGE, NO-QUARTER BATTLE...



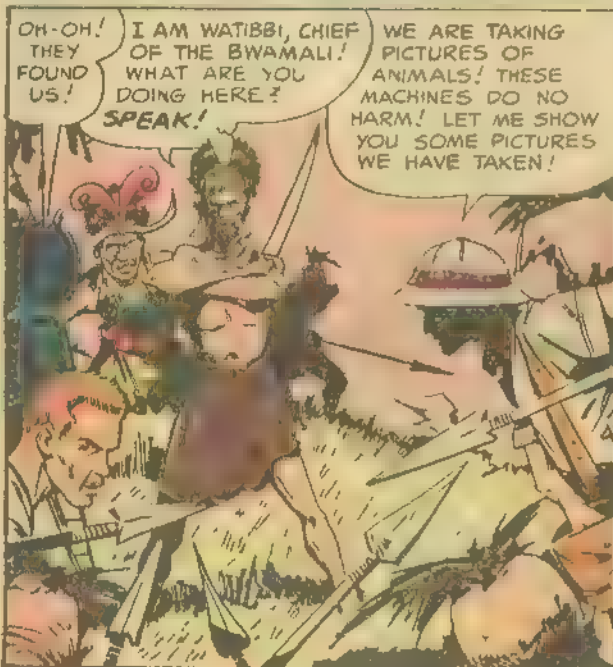
AII-EEE!

AII-EEEE!



REX, WHAT DO WE DO IF THEY DISCOVER US? THEY DON'T LOOK VERY FRIENDLY!

JUST GET THIS HUNK OF JUNGLE DRAMA ON FILM! WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER!



OH-OH! THEY FOUND US!

I AM WATIBBI, CHIEF OF THE BWAMALI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? **SPEAK!**

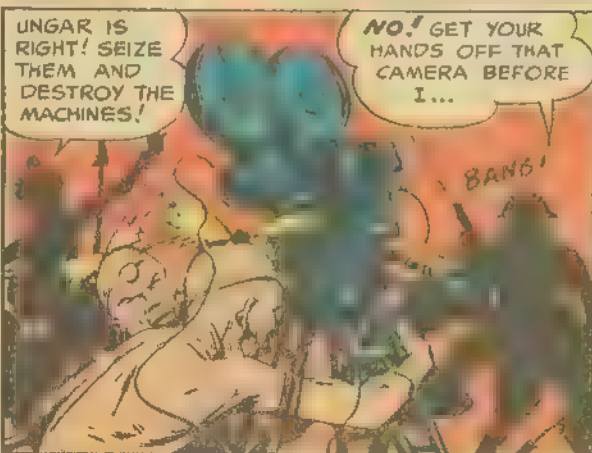
WE ARE TAKING PICTURES OF ANIMALS! THESE MACHINES DO NO HARM! LET ME SHOW YOU SOME PICTURES WE HAVE TAKEN!

WHITE MEN LIE! DEVIL MACHINES DRIVE ANIMALS AWAY! SOON BWAMALI HAVE NO MORE FOOD! UNGAR SAY DESTROY MACHINES.

HEY, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, CHIEF! WE'RE TELLING THE TRUTH! THESE MACHINES WON'T HURT A FLY!

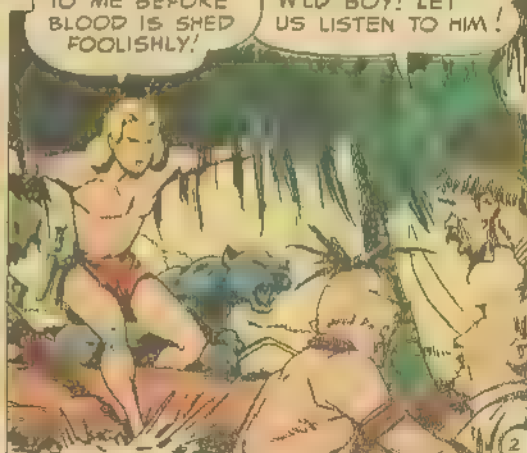


THE SHOT BRINGS WILD BOY TO THE SCENE



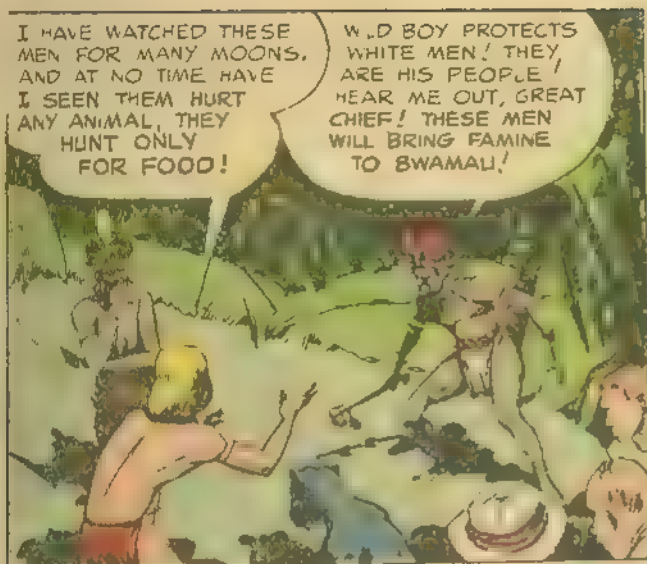
UNGAR IS RIGHT! SEIZE THEM AND DESTROY THE MACHINES!

NO! GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT CAMERA BEFORE I...



WAIT! LISTEN TO ME BEFORE BLOOD IS SHED FOOLISHLY!

IT IS OUR FRIEND WLD BOY! LET US LISTEN TO HIM!



I HAVE WATCHED THESE MEN FOR MANY MOONS, AND AT NO TIME HAVE I SEEN THEM HURT ANY ANIMAL, THEY HUNT ONLY FOR FOOD!

W.D BOY PROTECTS WHITE MEN! THEY ARE HIS PEOPLE! HEAR ME OUT, GREAT CHIEF! THESE MEN WILL BRING FAMINE TO BWAMALI!



UNGAR IS RIGHT!

YOU MUST LEAVE BWAMALI TERRITORY OR YOU DIE!

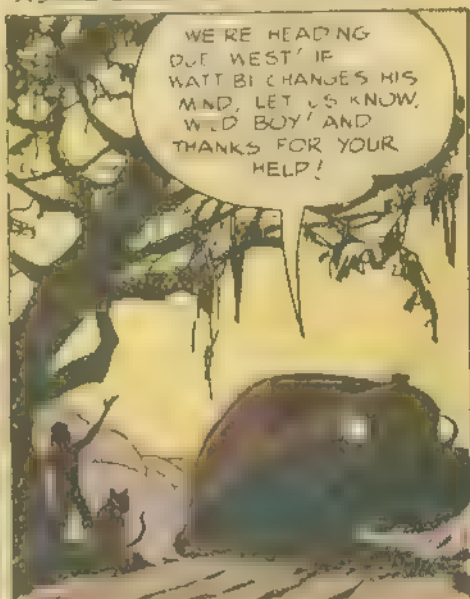
AS THE NATIVES RETURN TO THEIR VILLAGE...



THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US! I'VE GOT TO COMPLETE THE SHOOTING! MY JOB AND THOSE OF MY MEN DEPEND ON IT!

IT IS SURE DEATH TO IGNORE THE COMMANDS OF CHIEF WATBBI. I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SAVE YOU IF YOU ARE CAPTURED! IT'S BEST THAT YOU LEAVE!

AS THE SMALL CARAVAN LEAVES...



WE'RE HEADING OUT WEST! IF WATTBI CHANGES HIS MIND, LET US KNOW, W.D BOY! AND THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!

AS EVENING FALLS ON THE QUIET BWAMALI VILLAGE...



ROOOAAWWRR!

AIEEEE!



WAAEEEE!

LISTEN, DARO!
FROM THE
BWAMALI VILLAGE!



JNGAR IS RIGHT! THE WHITE
HUNTERS MUST BE FOUND
AND KILLED!

I MUST
WARN REX
CUTLER!



YOU MUST
LEAVE —

WAIT A MINUTE —
MAN-EATING LION?
A GREAT OLD FIERCE-
LOOKING DEVIL? I
THINK WE HAVE
A SHOT OF HIM!

MOMENTS LATER...

WHO DID THIS,
MAN-EATER?
WATIBBI?

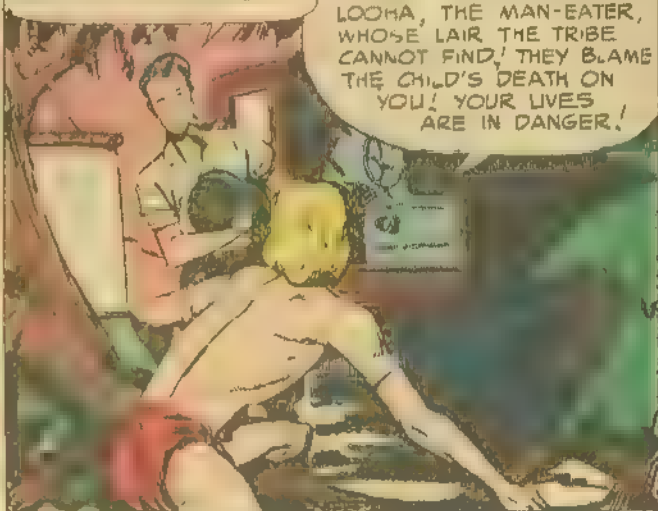
LOOHA, THE
MAN-EATER!
HE HAS ALREADY
TAKEN SEVEN
LIVES FROM OUR
VILLAGE! AND
NOW HE HAS
SLAIN MY ONLY
SON!

LISTEN TO ME,
O CHIEF! THE
WHITE MEN SENT
LOOHA! THEY USED
THEIR MAGIC
MACHINES! THE
WHITE MEN MUST
D.E.!

SOON, AT THE WHITE MEN'S CAMP...

WILD BOY! YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME TO SEE SOME OF THE
FILM WE DEVELOPED

THERE IS NO TIME
TO LOSE! WATTIBI'S
SON WAS KILLED BY
LOOHA, THE MAN-EATER,
WHOSE LAIR THE TRIBE
CANNOT FIND! THEY BLAME
THE CHILD'S DEATH ON
YOU! YOUR LIVES
ARE IN DANGER!



THE FILM IS RUN OFF AND...

IT IS LOOHA! YOU HAVE
MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY!
NOW I KNOW WHERE TO
FIND THE KILLER!



NOW THE DEATH
OF THE NATIVES
CAN BE AVENGED...

LET NONE
ESCAPE! SEIZE
THEM ALL!



CHIEF WATIBBI,
WHAT WOULD
YOU GIVE TO
SEE LOOHA,
THE MAN-EATER
KILLED?

YOU SPEAK EMPTY WORDS
TO APPEASE ME, WILD
BOY! IF YOU ARE
TELLING THE TRUTH, I
WILL SET THESE
MEN FREE!



PUT UP YOUR
SPEARS! I
PROMISE YOU
THE SKIN OF
LOOHA BY
TOMORROW,
OR THE WHITE
MEN PAY WITH
THEIR LIVES!

I HAVE ALWAYS
RESPECTED YOUR
WORD! GO, AND
MAY THE JUNGLE
GODS BE
WITH YOU!



SOON AT THE LAIR OF LOOHA...

THESE ARE LOOHA'S
TRACKS! NOW FOR THE
MAN-EATER TO COME!

OWWRRR!



AT DAWN...

AT LAST, GHOST KILLER,
WE ARE FACE TO
FACE! BEFORE YOU
QUENCH YOUR
THIRST, MY KNIFE
WILL DRINK
YOUR BLOOD!
TURN!

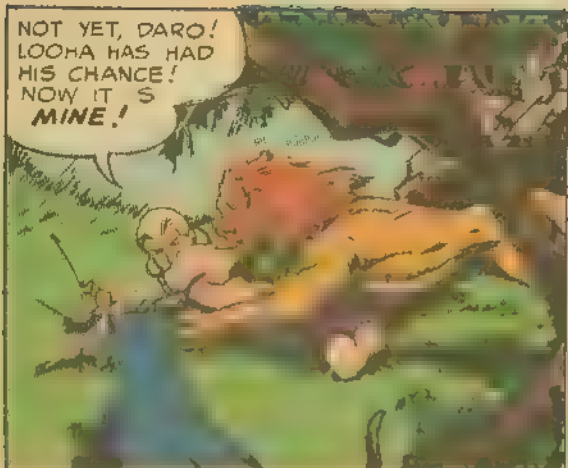


THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
CHOOSE! MY KNIFE
OR DARO'S CLAWS!



RRROAARRR!

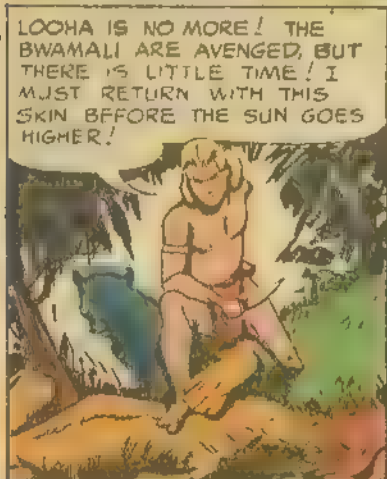




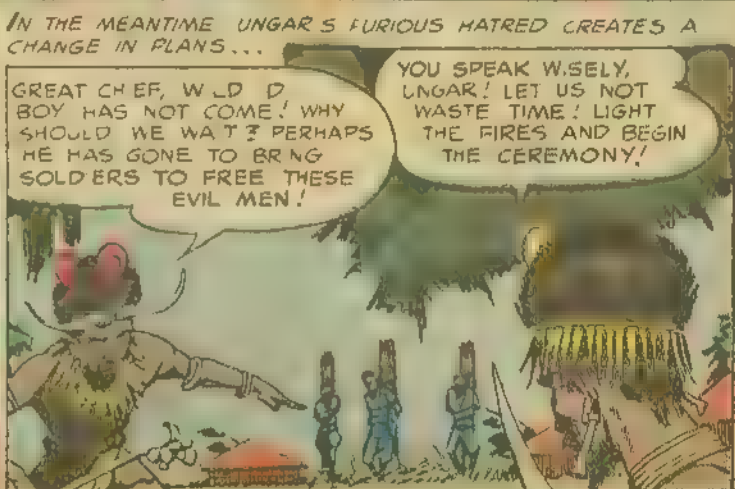
NOT YET, DARO!
LOOHA HAS HAD
HIS CHANCE!
NOW IT'S
MINE!



GGRRRAAARRGG!



LOOHA IS NO MORE! THE
BWAMALI ARE AVENGED, BUT
THERE IS LITTLE TIME! I
MUST RETURN WITH THIS
SKIN BEFORE THE SUN GOES
HIGHER!

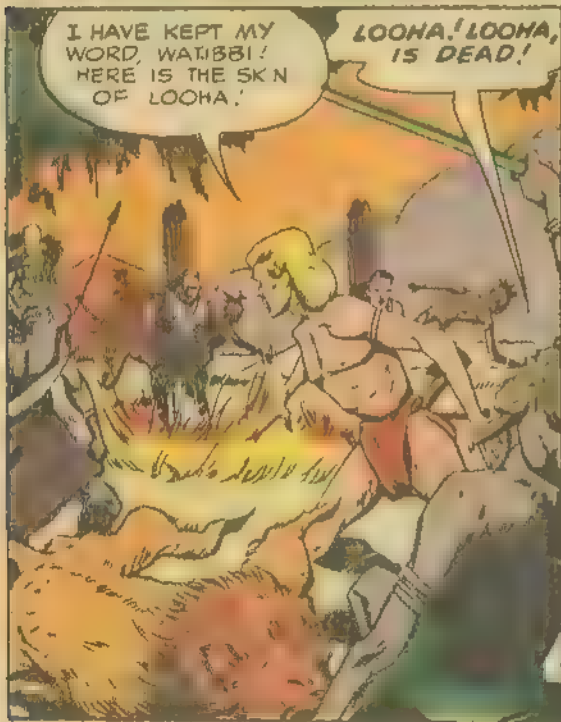


IN THE MEANTIME UNGAR'S FURIOUS HATRED CREATES A
CHANGE IN PLANS...

GREAT CHIEF, WILD
BOY HAS NOT COME! WHY
SHOULD WE WAIT? PERHAPS
HE HAS GONE TO BRING
SOLDERS TO FREE THESE
EVIL MEN!

YOU SPEAK WISELY,
UNGAR! LET US NOT
WASTE TIME! LIGHT
THE FIRES AND BEGIN
THE CEREMONY!

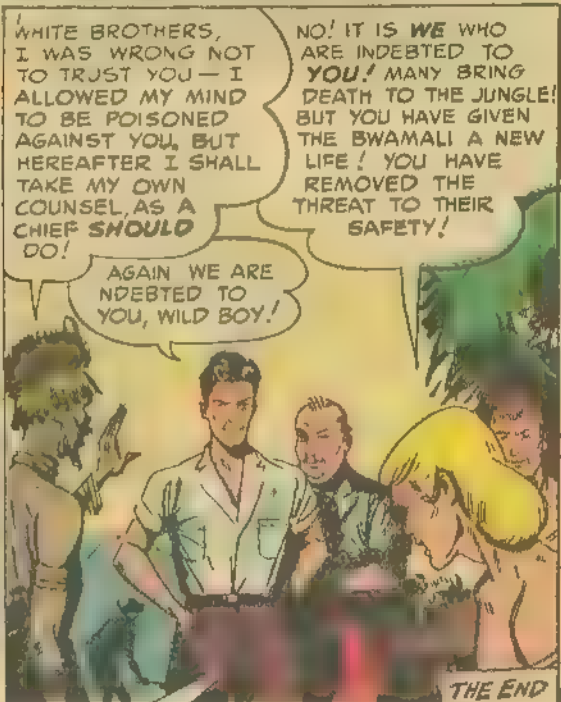
AS THE SAVAGE RITES RISE TO FULL FURY...



I HAVE KEPT MY
WORD, WATIBBI!
HERE IS THE SKIN
OF LOOHA!

**LOOHA! LOOHA,
IS DEAD!**

WHEN WILD BOY EXPLAINS HOW REX AND HIS
MEN LED HIM TO LOOHA'S LAIR...



WHITE BROTHERS,
I WAS WRONG NOT
TO TRUST YOU—I
ALLOWED MY MIND
TO BE POISONED
AGAINST YOU, BUT
HEREAFTER I SHALL
TAKE MY OWN
COUNSEL, AS A
CHIEF **SHOULD**
DO!

NO! IT IS **WE** WHO
ARE INDEBTED TO
YOU! MANY BRING
DEATH TO THE JUNGLE!
BUT YOU HAVE GIVEN
THE BWAMALI A NEW
LIFE! YOU HAVE
REMOVED THE
THREAT TO THEIR
SAFETY!

AGAIN WE ARE
INDEBTED TO
YOU, WILD BOY!

THE END

JUNGLE TALES



THE GIRAFFE LIVES IN HAPPY FAMILY GROUPS ON THE AFRICAN PLAINS, AND KEEPS HIMSELF BUSY GRAZING AND CHEWING HIS CUD.

THE GIRAFFES STAY PRETTY MUCH TOGETHER, AND THIS YOUNG GIRAFFE, WHOM WE'LL CALL "JUNIOR," HAS NEVER BEEN AWAY FROM THE HERD. IN FACT, ASIDE FROM SOME FIELD RODENTS, HE HAS NEVER SEEN OTHER ANIMALS!



ONE DAY, JUNIOR BECAME SEPARATED FROM THE HERD AND WANDERED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE TO SEE THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD AROUND HIM.



WHEN JUNIOR FIRST SAW THE LEOPARD HE WAS CURIOUS. HE STARED AND THEN LAUGHED OUT LOUD. FOR THE LEOPARD HAD NO LONG NECK!

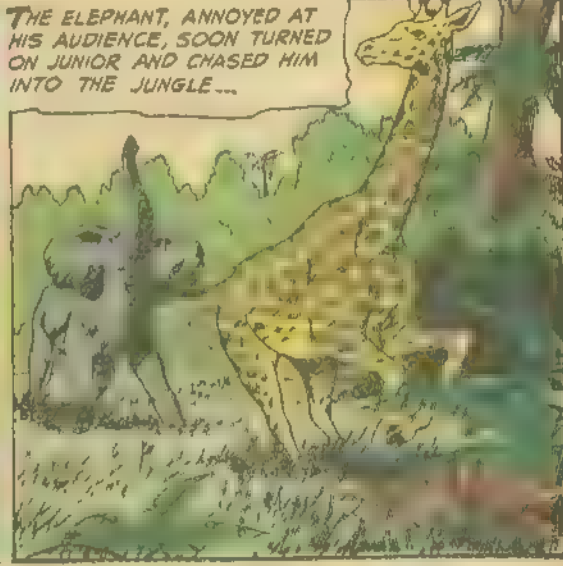


THE LEOPARD, HOWEVER, DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING TO LAUGH ABOUT, AND HE GROWLED AT JUNIOR SO FIERCELY THAT THE YOUNG GIRAFFE RAN OFF.



BUT SOON JUNIOR SAW MORE AMUSING SIGHTS. HERE WAS ANOTHER ANIMAL WITHOUT A LONG NECK, BUT THIS ONE DRANK THROUGH HIS LONG NOSE!

THE ELEPHANT, ANNOYED AT HIS AUDIENCE, SOON TURNED ON JUNIOR AND CHASED HIM INTO THE JUNGLE...



RESTING AT A WATER HOLE
JUNIOR SAW MORE STRANGE
ANIMALS. SUDDENLY, IT
DAWNED ON HIM...



...ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS
WEREN'T PECULIAR-- HE WAS!
HIS NECK LOOKED AWKWARD
AND FUNNY.

WHEN THE NEXT ANIMAL, A
WILD BOAR, APPROACHED THE
WATER HOLE, JUNIOR TIMIDLY
STEPPED OUT. THE BOAR MADE
NO MOVE TO ATTACK. JUNIOR
HAD FOUND A FRIEND.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE ROAR OF AN
APPROACHING LION SCARED THEM BOTH
OFF INTO THE UNDERBRUSH.



SUDDENLY, JUNIOR'S FEET GOT ALL TWISTED UP
IN SOME VINES AND HE WENT DOWN WITH A
CRASH. THE LION CAME CLOSER.

BUT THE WILD BOAR USED HIS
SHARP TEETH ON THE VINES, AND
SOON JUNIOR WAS FREE.



THEN THEY RACED OFF TO SAFETY
BEFORE THE LION COULD FIND THEM.



THEY HAD ESCAPED, BUT JUNIOR WAS SAD. HE WAS SO AWKWARD HE COULDN'T EVEN SAVE HIMSELF IN THE JUNGLE. SOON, THE BOAR WENT OFF LOOKING FOR FOOD.



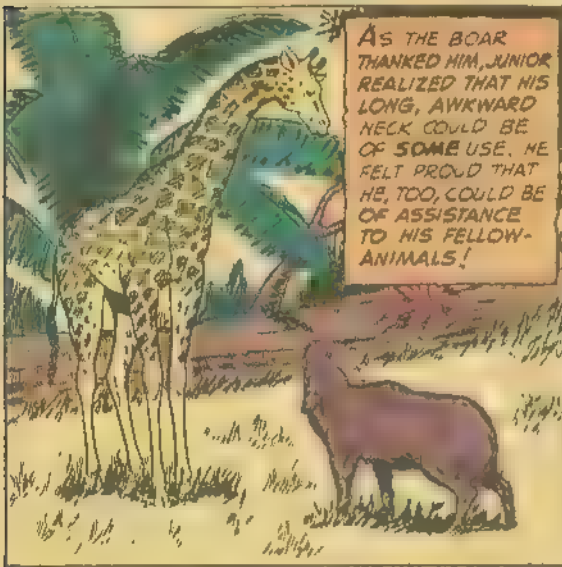
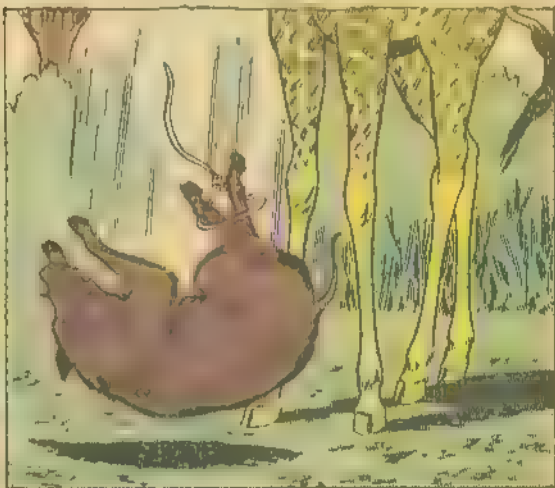
IN A FEW MINUTES JUNIOR HEARD A SWISHING NOISE IN THE BRUSH AND THEN THE FRIGHTENED SQUEALING AND GRUNTING OF THE BOAR. HIS FRIEND WAS IN DANGER!

JUNIOR RACED TO THE SCENE, AND THERE HE SAW THE BOAR CAUGHT IN A HUNTER'S SNAKE!



THE TRAPPED BOAR FRANTICALLY PLEADED FOR HELP AND JUNIOR, STRETCHING UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, WENT TO HIS FRIEND'S AID.

GNAWING AWAY AT THE LEATHER THONG, JUNIOR BIT CLEAN THROUGH IT, AND HIS FRIEND DROPPED TO THE GROUND.



AS THE BOAR THANKED HIM, JUNIOR REALIZED THAT HIS LONG, AWKWARD NECK COULD BE OF SOME USE. HE FELT PROUD THAT HE, TOO, COULD BE OF ASSISTANCE TO HIS FELLOW-ANIMALS!



JUNIOR REALIZED THAT ALL ANIMALS WERE BUILT DIFFERENTLY TO ENABLE THEM TO LIVE IN THEIR OWN HABITAT, AND WHILE HE WAS DIFFERENT, HE NO LONGER FELT RIDICULOUS! NOW, ON AN EQUAL FOOTING WITH HIS FRIEND, JUNIOR AND THE BOAR WENT OFF INTO THE JUNGLE LOOKING FOR NEW ADVENTURES.

THE END

The Bird-Man Legend

"THIS," said Al Bronson grimly to himself, "is the well-known *IT!* Pretty soon I'm going to find out how it feels to die in a plane crash!"

Al sat perfectly relaxed and calm in the cockpit of his tiny Piper Cub plane. His calmness was not heroism; it wasn't even the phoney kind of heroism that many people put on when they don't want to admit, even to themselves, how frightened they are. It was, rather, a sort of calm acceptance of whatever fate was in store for him, the attitude which had been bred in him, and all the other boys he had flown with in the terrible days when Eisenhower had battled to establish a safe beachhead on the narrow shores of Europe.

Al knew he had done everything possible to help himself—and he also knew that it wouldn't work. It was pretty ironical, at that, to come out of five years of daily danger with the Eagle Squadron of the RAF and then with the USAAF, to wind up dead on his first easy civilian job of exploring the back stretches of the Amazon Valley. But it was just one of those things, he thought, as he shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

He stared ahead of him, through the small cockpit of the plane. There, a couple of miles away, clearly visible through the clear morning air, he could see safety, as represented by the smooth plateaus on the other side of the tremendous chasm which separated him from them. If he could only reach that side of the chasm, everything would be fine. First of all, it was smooth and even, and he could set his plane down in comparative comfort. Then, and more important, Al knew that a few miles down from his present location, there was a fairly good path that led down the thousand-foot side of the cliff, and once on the floor of the chasm, he'd be less than ten miles from base camp.

Automatically, Al yanked back the joy-stick of the plane as far as he could, to keep the little ship as high as possible. As he did this, he sensed that it wouldn't help. He had lost too much altitude, and he would be sure to crash on this side of the

chasm, in the dense, thickly-wooded forests which lined the cliff right up to its very edge. Methodically, he unloaded the camera which he had been using to get shots for the aerial map, and stowed the metal-cased rolls of film in his pockets. At least, if they ever located his body, maybe the photos would be of some use!

Suddenly Al's eyes narrowed sharply. Out of one corner of his vision, he had seen two things which gave a quick lift to his sinking hopes. There, a trifle north, was a narrow rope-and-vine bridge over the quarter-mile-wide chasm, which meant that there must be human beings living somewhere in the neighborhood; and also, he had caught sight of a tiny clearing near the approach to the bridge.

Al yanked savagely at the rudder, and the Piper Cub veered north. Maybe he *could* make it, after all! If he could only set the ship down without smashing himself into atoms, he could get across to the other side of the chasm, and he'd be okay! For a few minutes Al fought the cross-currents which twisted up from the wooded region, handling his motorless ship as though it were a glider. And, as he slipped and swirled downward in a glide he knew he would make it!

As he approached the cleared spot, his sensitive fingers holding the end of the joystick alert for any slight adjustment, a sudden updraft flung his ship fifty feet into the air, and dropped the plane like a dead weight toward the ground. Al's last conscious recollection was of the lush green grass and towering trees, which seemed to rush up at his face with the force of an express train. Then everything disappeared in a blinding collision, as he hit the ground and the tiny plane splintered into a mass of twisted metal.

When Al Bronson regained consciousness, his first thought was that he was pretty cramped. When he shifted his shoulders to ease the pressure of his flying suit and the parachute pack on his back, the tension increased, and he found himself trussed up like a package, his hands bound tightly with strong vines which circled his waist and were knotted further to restrict his movements.

Al struggled to his feet, to find himself surrounded by a grim-faced circle of ominously quiet, almost naked natives, each staring unblinkingly at him and each carrying a wicked-looking spear in the right hand and an equally wicked-looking machete in the left. He fought down the quick



fear which welled up within him, and forced his voice to be reasonably calm as he tried the few words of Spanish which he knew, to explain that he was a friend and wanted help.

Silence greeted his speech, and Al realized with a sinking heart that if the natives spoke any language besides their own dialect, it would be Portuguese, the language of Brazil, of which he didn't know a single word!

He struggled to free his hands, hoping to be able to utilize some kind of sign language. With a gesture of contempt, the tallest of the natives stepped forward, slashed downward with his razor-sharp machete, and Al's hands were free. Al grinned in his friendliest way at his liberator, but in that second his hopes died, as the native spoke. The words were thick pidgin English, but their meaning was clear.

"You bird-man," the native grunted. "You white man. Me work white man. Me learn speak white man talk. Indian hate white man. White man bring trouble. Indian kill white man. Then trouble go. Come. You see."

The leader grunted a command and in a second Al was seized by both arms and hustled toward the edge of the high cliff.

With a complete indifference to the vertigo which overwhelmed Al Bronson, as he hung over the steep edge, held by the iron grip of two warriors, the native leader barked another command, and one of his men darted into the underbrush, to return a moment later with three wristwatches, which the chief took and held out for Al to see.

"We take white man magic. Then we kill," the native said calmly. "Like this." He made a swinging gesture with his two arms, indicating clearly the act of throwing something over the edge of the cliff to the floor of the chasm a thousand feet below!

At the chief's next command, the two warriors holding Al loosened their grip of his arms, grabbed his left wrist and stripped off the watch which was strapped there. His arms freed, for a brief fraction of a second, Al found a sudden inspiration! He smacked his right arm down against the open flap pocket on his pants leg, grabbed the magnesium flare which he held there for photos at night or in fog, and all in the same gesture dashed it violently to the ground!

As the flare blazed forth in a terrific spurt of furious fire, Al seized the brief second, in which the natives jumped back in alarm, to sprint at top speed for the narrow, swinging rope bridge which he could see less than a hundred yards away. In his heart he knew the gesture was futile; he was handicapped by his heavy clothes and parachute pack, while the practically-naked natives could certainly move faster than he. But the driving urge for self-preservation forced him on, in spite of his bursting lungs, and before the startled natives could recover enough to speed after him, Al had made the bridge and was crawling out along its swaying, sagging length!

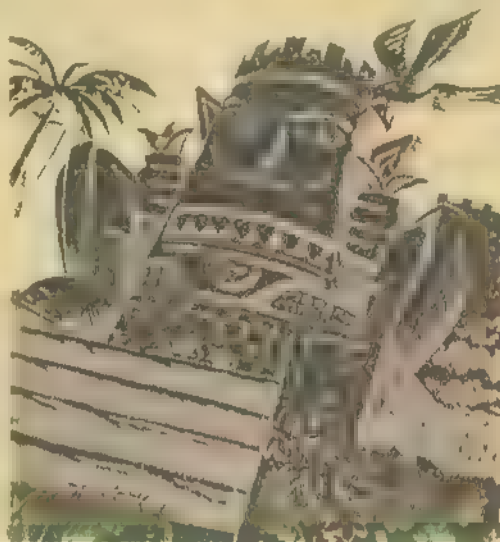
Al worked his way out along the crude chasm crossing, conscious of added vibrations as the natives started to cross the bridge.

Then he heard a booming voice, yelling in native dialect, and over his shoulder Al saw the natives on the rope bridge turn and scuttle back to the edge of the cliff. As he continued across, wondering at the change in his enemies' plan, the leader's booming voice came again. "White man, you die!"

Al froze to immobility and stared as two native warriors, who had just been waiting for their fellows to reach safety, chopped their heavy machetes down on the vines holding the bridge! The entire bridge shook under the impact of the savage thrusts and suddenly free, it dropped like a stone, flinging Al Bronson into the void!

As he dropped, Al's instinctive recollection of years of training came to the fore. Without any conscious realization of what he was doing, his fingers reached up to his breast and yanked at the rip-cord of his parachute!

As the huge nylon sheet opened and caught the wind it fluttered aloft like a giant flower with Al Bronson swinging easily in the harness. Down to the safety of the chasm floor, which would lead him back to his own camp, he drifted. Then Al glanced upward to see the awe-filled, superstitious natives on their knees at the edge of the cliff, salaaming in terror of the white birdman who could sprout his own wings and fly off to safety!



THE END

JOE BARTON

in

The RIVER OF ALLAH

LAGOS, STEAMING WEST AFRICAN COAST TOWN AND CAPITAL OF BRITISH NIGERIA, MECCA OF WANDERERS FROM ALL THE CONTINENTS AND THE SEVEN SEAS! AND HERE JOE BARTON MEETS A STRANGE, FANATICAL MAN WHO LEADS HIM INTO THE DARK INTERIOR IN SEARCH OF A LOST AND ANCIENT GLORY, THE LEGENDARY ...

"RIVER OF ALLAH!"



IN THE "EXPLORER'S CLUB," A SHABBY CAFE IN THE HEART OF LAGOS, JOE "DINES" WITH HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND, BARNEY BREWSTER ...

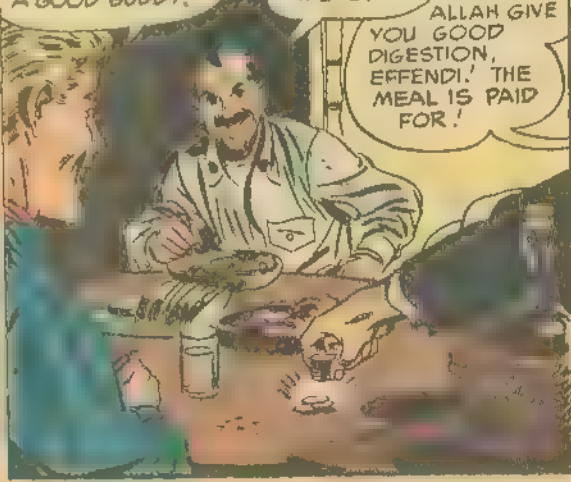
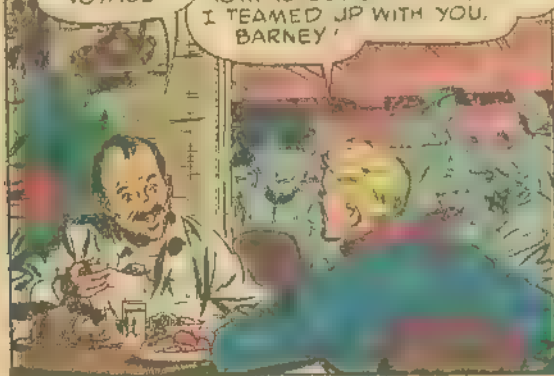
EAT HEARTY, JOE! THIS GRUB'S PLAIN BUT GOOD FUEL FOR A LONG VOYAGE!

I HOPE SO! EATING MIGHT BECOME A LUXURY IF I CAN'T SCARE UP A JOB OR TWO! SEEMS LIKE I FOUND NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK SINCE I TEAMED UP WITH YOU, BARNEY!

BUT I REALLY DON'T MIND! GUESS I ALWAYS *DID* NEED A GOOD BUDDY!

I SURE APPRECIATE IT, JOE! BOY! HOW I WISH WE COULD PAY FOR THIS MEAL!

ALLAH GIVE YOU GOOD DIGESTION, EFFENDI! THE MEAL IS PAID FOR!



I'M MUCH OBLIGED, FRIEND!

THE NAME IS MAHOMET BEN ALI, MERCHANT OF THIS TOWN! I'VE HEARD OF YOU, MR. BARTON AND I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU TO GUIDE ME ON A **HOLY MISSION!**

HOLY MISSION? NO THANKS, BEN ALI! THAT'S NOT MY LINE! I'M JUST A GUIDE... FOR HIRE!

EFFENDI, PICTURE THE GREAT SAHARA AS IT WAS AGES AGO: A FERTILE GARDEN WHERE ALLAH SMILED--AND MY PEOPLE WERE IN PARADISE!

AND ALL BECAUSE ALLAH MADE A **GREAT RIVER** FLOW THROUGH THE LAND! BUT THEN WE ARABS BECAME WICKED! ALLAH FROWNED, AND CLOSED OFF THE RIVER, MAKING THE SAHARA A BARREN AND UNKIND DESERT!

BUT THAT RIVER **STILL LIVES** IN THE NORTHERN MOUNTAINS TRAPPED IN THE EARTH AND WAITING TO BE RELEASED TO MAKE THE SAHARA BLOOM ONCE MORE! I, MAHOMET BEN ALI, AM DESTINED TO FIND IT...

HE'S LOONY! THAT OLD LEGEND HAS BEEN THE DEATH OF MANY A LIKELY LAD!

THE RIVER OF ALLAH! I'VE HEARD OF IT BARNEY MAYBE HE'S NOT SO LOONEY AT THAT!

THERE'S GOOD GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE TO BACK UP THAT LEGEND! BEN ALI, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A GUIDE! BUT I'LL NEED MONEY FOR SUPPLIES!

YOU SHALL HAVE WHATEVER YOU DESIRE!

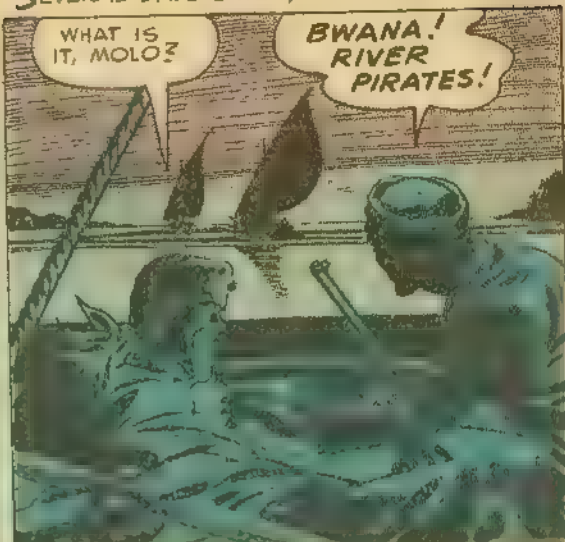
ONE WEEK LATER, ON THE GREAT NIGER RIVER...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT DAWN...



SAY, JOE! JUST LOOK AT THAT BEN ALI STARING UP RIVER!

BEN ALI'S GOT A DREAM, BARNEY! WE'RE GONNA HELP TO MAKE IT COME TRUE.

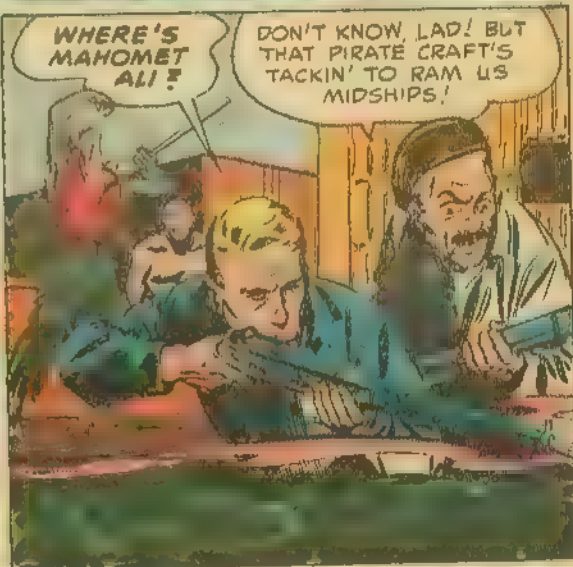


WHAT IS IT, MOLO?

BWANA! RIVER PIRATES!



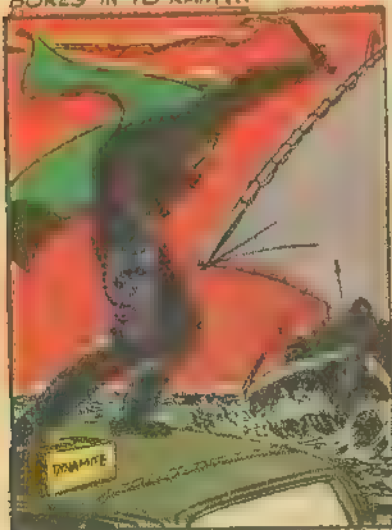
MOLO, DON'T LET THEM BOARD! USE THE POLES TO KEEP THEM! BARNEY, TRY TO HIT THEIR STEERSMAN!



WHERE'S MAHOMET ALI?

DON'T KNOW, LAD! BUT THAT PIRATE CRAFT'S TACKIN' TO RAM US MIDSHIPS!

STEADILY, THE PIRATE DHOW BORES IN TO RAM...



THAT OTHER BOAT'S HAD ENOUGH! THAT WAS CLEVER WORK, BEN ALI!

IT WAS NOT ME, EFFENDI! IT WAS THE HAND OF ALLAH! NOTHING MUST COME BETWEEN ME AND MY GOAL!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE PARTY
DISEMBARKS AT GAO... AND THEN
PLUNGES INTO THE NORTH REGIONS

OOH, MY ACHIN'
SACRO-ILIAC! I'LL
TAKE THE BRINY
DEEP ANY DAY!

GET USED
TO IT,
BUDDY!
WE'VE GOT
TO REACH THE
MOUNTAINS BEFORE
THE BAD WEATHER
SETS IN!

OH! OH! A SAND STORM'S
BREWING! WE'LL HEAD
FOR SHELTER IN THE
NEAREST WADI!

THE SAND STORM HITS WITH
HOWLING FURY...

WOW! I'VE SEEN
GALES AT SEA...
BUT NEVER ANY-
THING LIKE **THIS!**

I CAN'T SEE
A THING!
WE'LL HAVE
TO WEATHER
IT RIGHT
HERE!

FOR HOURS THE STORM RAGES... UNTIL ...

JOE, WE'RE
BURIED!!

THIS OLD AMMO TUBE
WILL GIVE US AIR... IF
THE SAND DOESN'T
GET HIGHER!

THE NEXT MORNING...

WE WERE LUCKY, BUT
THE TRUCK'S A MESS!
C'MON, GUYS —
LET'S DIG!!

LOOK! THE
MOUNTAINS! AND
SOMEWHERE IN
THEIR MIDST IS ...
**THE SACRED
RIVER!!**

FOR DAYS THE EXPEDITION PUSHES ON...

BRRRR! IT'S SURE
GETTIN' COLD!

WE'RE CLIMBING INTO
THE OLD VOLCANO
RANGE! BUTTON UP,
BARNEY! WE'RE IN FOR
RAW WEATHER!

AT LAST EVEN THE TRUCK MUST BE ABANDONED...

BLAST THAT BEN ALI
AND HIS LOONY
RIVER! MY FEET
ARE KILLIN' ME!

EASY, BARNEY! IT
SHOULDN'T TAKE
MUCH LONGER!

WE'RE LUCKY WE FOUND THESE NATIVE PORTERS' FUNNY — THEY SPEAK A DIALECT ALMOST LIKE ARABIC AND THEY'VE NEVER SEEN WHITE MEN BEFORE! WONDER WHERE THEY'RE FROM?

YEAH! ME TOO! SAY — HERE COMES BEN ALI! HE'S SURE GOT UP ABOUT SOMETHIN'!



LOOK! IT IS THERE — THE MOUNTAIN HUMPED LIKE A CAMEL! WE ARE NEARING THE RIVER OF ALLAH!

BEN ALI'S RIGHT! LET'S GO! IT DOESN'T LOOK MOREN A DAYS MARCH FROM HERE!



NEXT AFTERNOON...

JOE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! A WARM VALLEY HIDDEN BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS!

YES! THE PEAKS MUST PROTECT IT FROM THE COLD! THE PORTERS SAY IT HAS AN AGE AND FRIENDLY NATIVES! WE'LL GO DOWN AND CAMP



TWO DAYS LATER...

MEAT BARNEY! THIS VALLEY TEEMS WITH GAME!

AYE, IT'S A REAL PARADISE, LAD! WHAT LOVELY NATIVES! REMINDS ME OF TAHITI ON MY FIRST VOYAGE!



YEAH — YOU TOLD ME THAT ALREADY! SAY, WHERE'S BEN ALI?

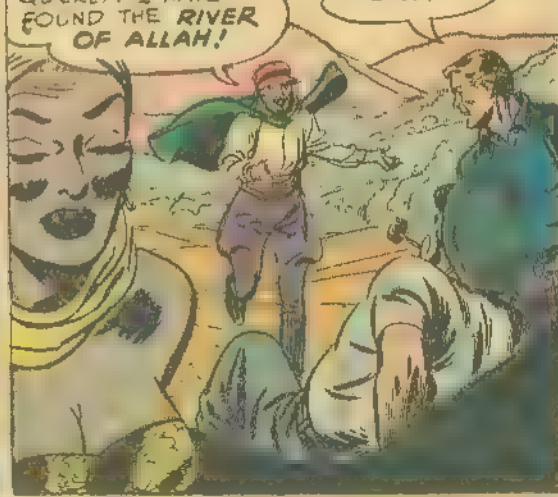
UP ON THE MOUNTAIN LOOKIN' FOR HIS RIVER OF ALLAH. BUT THE NATIVES SAY THERE AIN'T NO RIVER! AN' THEY DON'T LIKE HIM SNOOPIN' AROUND!



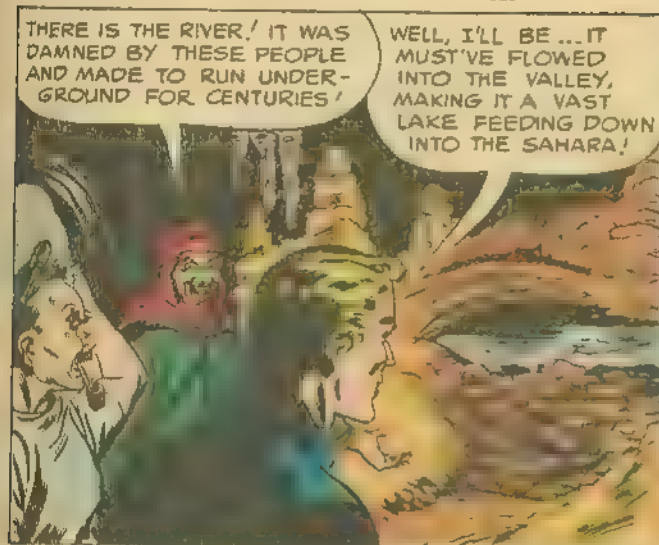
THE FOLLOWING DAY...

EFFENDI! COME QUICKLY! I HAVE FOUND THE RIVER OF ALLAH!

WHAT!! C'MON, BARNEY! SNAP TO IT!

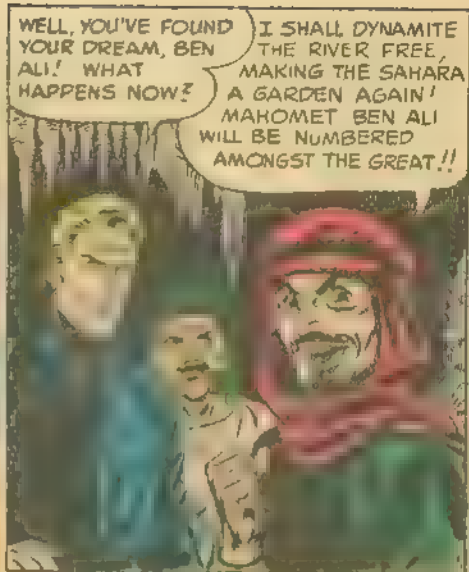


HIGH UP ON THE CAMEL-BACKED PEAK...



THERE IS THE RIVER! IT WAS DAMNED BY THESE PEOPLE AND MADE TO RUN UNDERGROUND FOR CENTURIES!

WELL, I'LL BE... IT MUST'VE FLOWED INTO THE VALLEY, MAKING IT A VAST LAKE FEEDING DOWN INTO THE SAHARA!



WELL, YOU'VE FOUND YOUR DREAM, BEN ALI! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

I SHALL DYNAMITE THE RIVER FREE, MAKING THE SAHARA A GARDEN AGAIN! MAHOMET BEN ALI WILL BE NUMBERED AMONGST THE GREAT!!



THE CRAZY SWAB WILL WIPE OUT THAT PRETTY LITTLE VALLEY!

YEAH—THAT'S WHY I THINK HE'S GONNA HAVE TROUBLE SELLING THE NATIVES THE IDEA!

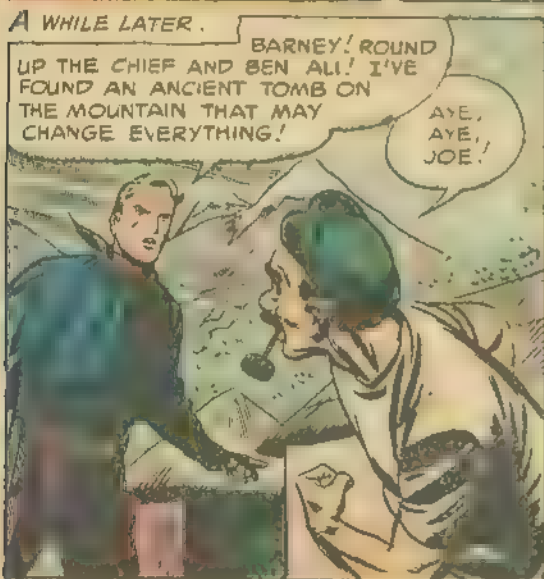
NEXT DAY, IN THE VALLEY VILLAGE...

WHAT'S THE SCUTTLEBUTT, JOE?

BEN ALI HAS CONVINCED THE NATIVES HE MUST BLOW THE RIVER FREE! THEY DON'T LIKE IT, BUT HE TELLS THEM IT IS ALLAH'S WILL!



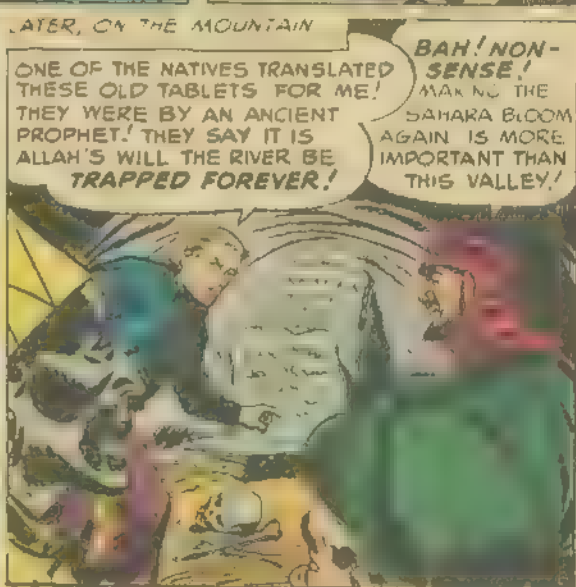
POOR DEVILS! BUT I CAN'T HELP THEM AS LONG AS THEY BELIEVE IT IS ALLAH'S WILL! WELL, I'M GOING UP THE MOUNTAIN FOR A LOOK-SEE!



A WHILE LATER.

BARNEY! ROUND UP THE CHIEF AND BEN ALI! I'VE FOUND AN ANCIENT TOMB ON THE MOUNTAIN THAT MAY CHANGE EVERYTHING!

A'YE, A'YE, JOE!



ONE OF THE NATIVES TRANSLATED THESE OLD TABLETS FOR ME! THEY WERE BY AN ANCIENT PROPHET! THEY SAY IT IS ALLAH'S WILL THE RIVER BE TRAPPED FOREVER!

BAH! NON-SENSE! MAKING THE SAHARA BLOOM AGAIN IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS VALLEY!

NO! OLD TABLETS
DO NOT LIE!
LET THE WRATH
OF HEAVEN
DESCEND ON
HIM WHO
WOULD DEFEY
ALLAH'S WILL!

WELL I
GUESS
THAT'S
THAT! SAY,
WHERE'S
BEN ALI?

BWANA JOE! I
SEE THIS BEN
ALI FELLER
GO TO BIG
CAVE W/TH
FIRE
STICKS!!

WHY, THAT
CRAZY --
HE'S GOING
TO BLOW THE
DAM! C'MON!
WE'VE GOT
TO STOP HIM!

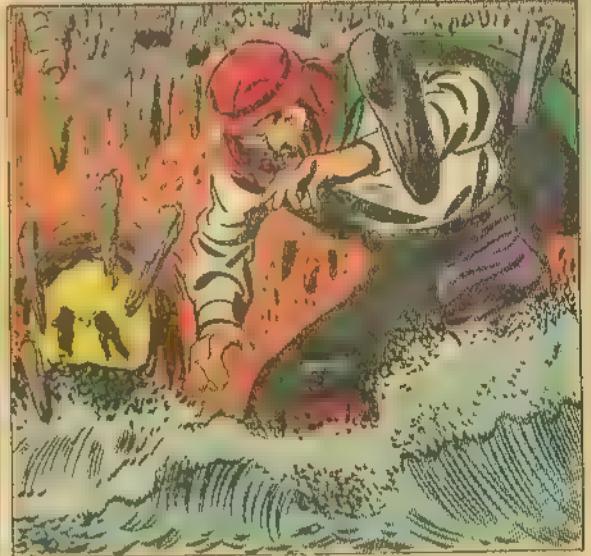
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

STOP, BEN
ALI! THIS
IS MURDER!

WHAT DO THE
LIVES OR
HOMES OF
THESE NATIVES
MEAN, COMPARED TO
MY HOLY MISSION?
STAND BACK!

JOE! HE'S SETTIN'
OFF THE CHARGES!
RUN!

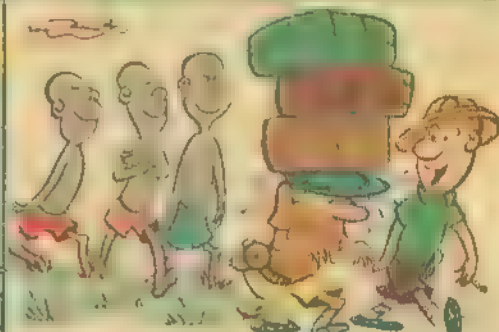
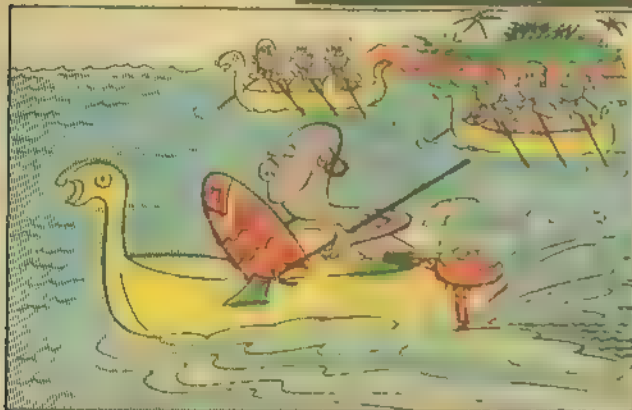
BOOM!



WOW! YOU OKAY,
JOE? WHAT
HAPPENED?

THE DYNAMITE MUST'VE
CAUSED AN AVALANCHE!
MAHOMET BEN ALI AND THE
RIVER ARE BURIED...
FOREVER! I GUESS
IT'S THE WILL OF
ALLAH!

THE END



"THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TEACHING THEM HOW TO PLAY DICE!"

BOY MARVEL OF THE WILD WEST!



Now It's **KID COWBOY** Monthly!

**Thrills! — Danger! — Rugged Action! —
Blazing Justice! — Gunsmoke and Glory!**

**Read—See KID COWBOY,
Every Month!**

**Issue
No. 10**

on sale August 22.

At all newsstands 10c

**Or by subscription
12 issues \$1.20**

DON'T MISS IT!

Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 360 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WILD BOY

in

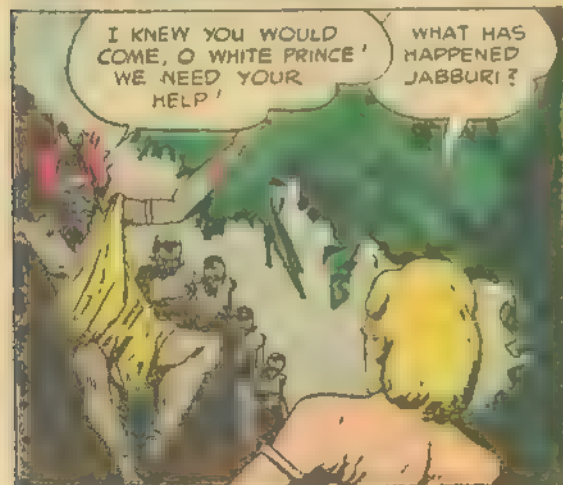
Giants of the Jungle

IN THE SHADOWED JUNGLE, EACH SOUND HAS A SPECIAL MEANING FOR THE PRIMITIVE EAR. WILD BOY IS SUDDENLY ALERTED BY THE DULL BOOM OF A DRUM. ITS SOUND ECHOES DANGER, BUT WILD BOY DOESN'T KNOW YET THAT ITS SUMMONS WILL SEND HIM ON A STRANGE AND DANGEROUS JOURNEY...



LISTEN DARO! THE DRUMS FROM KEETO'S VILLAGE CALL ME! THERE IS TROUBLE! COME!

MOMENTS LATER, WILD BOY APPEARS BEFORE JABBURI, THE TRIBAL CHIEF...



I KNEW YOU WOULD COME, O WHITE PRINCE! WE NEED YOUR HELP!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED JABBURI?

THIS MORNING THE WATUSS! THE GIANTS OF THE JUNGLE, RAIDED OUR VILLAGE! WE WERE POWERLESS TO STOP THEM... AND THEY CARRIED OFF KEETO!

KEETO? DID YOU NOT FIGHT?





THE WATUSSI ARE STRONGER THAN DEVILS! WE CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST THEM! I FEAR KEETO IS LOST!

NO, JABBUR! KEETO HAS DONE ME MUCH SERVICE! I CANNOT FORGET HIM!



I GO NOW TO RETURN THIS SPEAR TO THE WATUSSI.

MY BLESSINGS GO WITH YOU, GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE, AND MAY THE JUNGLE GODS SMILE UPON YOU!

A FULL DAY'S JOURNEY BRINGS WILD BOY TO THE WATUSSI VILLAGE...



JABBUR WAS RIGHT! THEY ARE A POWERFUL TRIBE, BUT I HAVE COME THIS FAR AND WILL NOT TURN BACK!



HAI, A WHITE INTRUDER! SEIZE HIM!

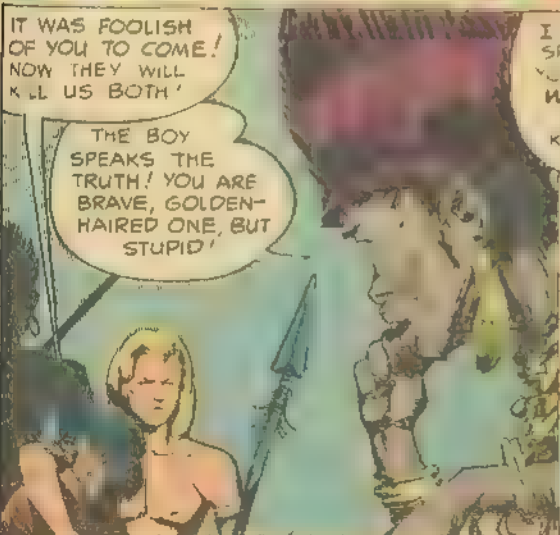
QUIET DARO! IT IS NOT YET TIME TO FIGHT!

AS WILD BOY IS LED TO THE WATUSSI SUDDENL...



WILD BOY! YOU HAVE COME FOR ME

KEETO! THEY HAVE NOT HARMED YOU!



IT WAS FOOLISH OF YOU TO COME! NOW THEY WILL KILL US BOTH!

THE BOY SPEAKS THE TRUTH! YOU ARE BRAVE, GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE, BUT STUPID!



I RETURN THIS SPEAR WHICH YOUR COWARDLY WARRIORS LEFT AT KEETO'S VILLAGE!

O GREAT KING BAALU, LET JAFTA CUT HIS EVIL TONGUE OUT! HE CALLS THE MIGHTY WATUSSI COWARDS!

YES, COWARDS TO RAID AN UNDEFENDED VILLAGE AND SNATCH THE BOY AWAY! YOUR MIGHTY WARRIORS HAVE FALLEN LOW!

SO, YOU WHITE PYGMY PERHAPS YOU WISH TO TEST OUR STRENGTH? JAF TA, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO STOP HIS WAGGING TONGUE! COME, LET US GO TO THE FIELD OF CHALLENGE!

IF YOU WIN ONE OF THREE CONTESTS AGAINST JAF TA, YOU AND THE BOY MAY LEAVE OUR VILLAGE UNHARMED! IF YOU LOSE ALL THREE...

WE BOTH DIE! I UNDERSTAND NOW, LET US BEGIN!



WELL DONE FOR A PYGMY. IT IS YOUR TURN, JAF TA! DO NOT DISGRACE US!

LET MY ARM WITHER IF I DO NOT BEAT HIM!

WILD BOY CROUCHES TO GATHER SPEED FOR THE FIRST CONTEST, A RUNNING JUMP.

WILD BOY, LISTEN TO ME! YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

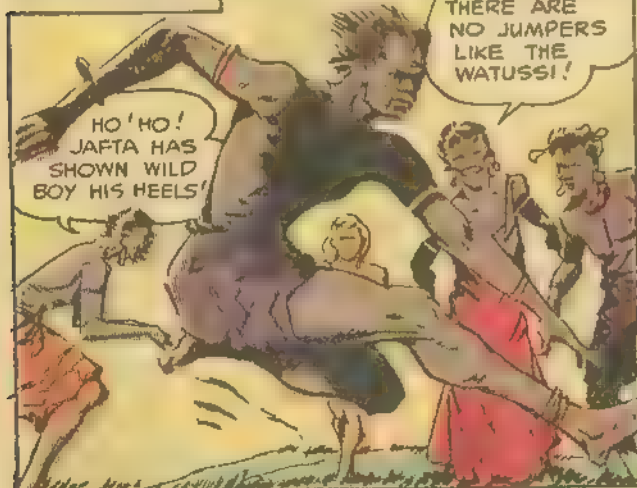
I NEED BUT ONE VICTORY, KEETO! THE ODDS ARE GREAT, BUT I WILL NOT RUN AWAY!



JAF TA'S GREAT LEAP CARRIES HIM PAST WILD BOY'S MARK...

THERE ARE NO JUMPERS LIKE THE WATUSSI!

HO! HO! JAF TA HAS SHOWN WILD BOY HIS HEELS!



TAKE ONE OF THESE STONES AND CAST IT AS FAR AS YOU CAN!

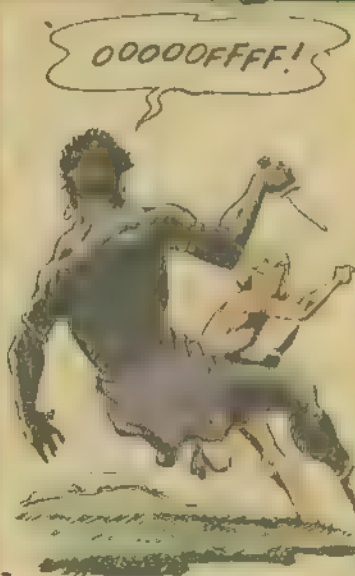
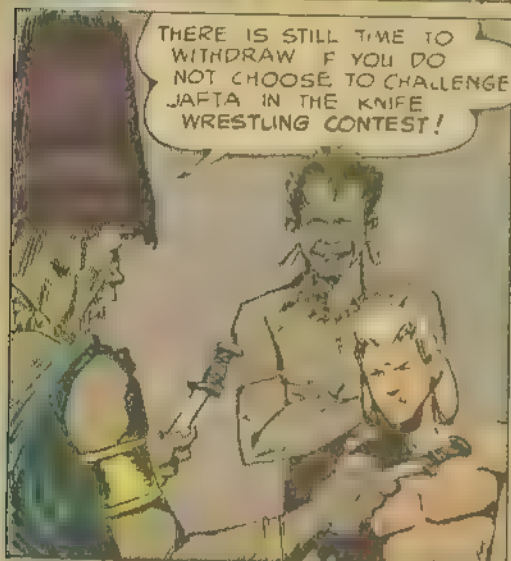
IT IS A WASTE OF TIME, O KING! THE WEAKLING IS NO MATCH FOR ME!



WILD BOY THROWS WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS BODY...



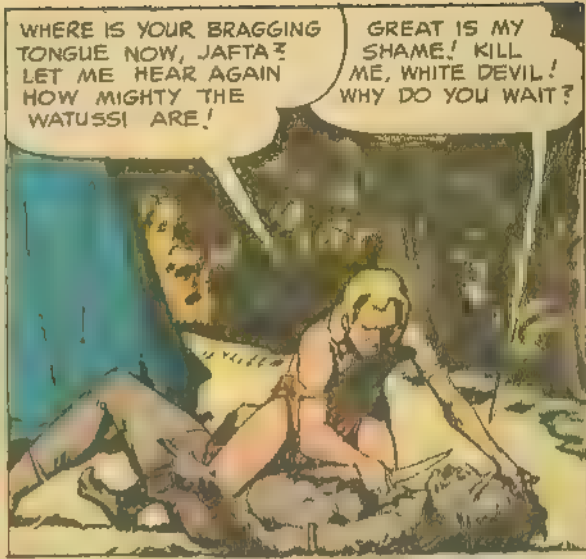
IN THE UNEQUAL CONTEST, JAFTA'S THROW OUTSTRIPS WILD BOY'S





A MIGHTY WATUSSI
THROWN BY ONE HALF
HIS SIZE! **WE ARE
DISGRACED!**

UUNGH!



WHERE IS YOUR BRAGGING
TONGUE NOW, JAF TA?
LET ME HEAR AGAIN
HOW MIGHTY THE
WATUSSI ARE!

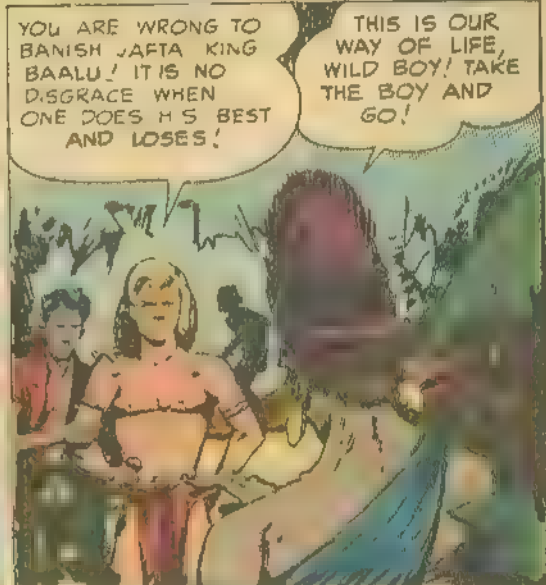
GREAT IS MY
SHAME! KILL
ME, WHITE DEVIL!
WHY DO YOU WAIT?

**UNABLE TO KILL A DEFENSELESS MAN, WILD
BOY RISES, BUT KING BAALU VENTS HIS FURY...**



GREAT KING, LET
ME BE SLAIN!
I KNOW I DO
NOT DESERVE
TO LIVE!

DEATH IS TOO GOOD FOR
YOU, DUST EATER! DEATH
IS FOR A WARRIOR! I
BANISH YOU FOREVER
FROM THE WATUSSI
TRIBE!



YOU ARE WRONG TO
BANISH JAF TA KING
BAALU! IT IS NO
DISGRACE WHEN
ONE DOES HIS BEST
AND LOSES!

THIS IS OUR
WAY OF LIFE,
WILD BOY! TAKE
THE BOY AND
GO!

**AS WILD BOY AND KEETO
LEAVE THE WATUSSI VILLAGE...**



**BACK,
KEETO!**



**A WATER BUFFALO! THE
MOST DANGEROUS BEAST
IN THE JUNGLE, AND
JAF TA ATTACKS IT
UNARMED! WE MUST
HELP, DARO!**



**HERE, YOU UGLY
HORNED DEVIL!**



GOOD WORK, DARO!
THIS BEAST IS AS STRONG
AS AN ELEPHANT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN WILD
BOY'S KNIFE PLUNGES
HOME UNTIL THE BEAST
WEAKENS...



GRRRRRR!



WILD BOY, YOU HAVE TAUGHT
MY TRIBE A LESSON! BRAVERY
DOES NOT DEPEND UPON
GREAT SIZE OR STRENGTH
ALONE, FOR IT LIES IN
THE HEART!



BRAVER
THAN ALL WAS
JAFTA WHEN HE
ATTACKED THIS
BEAST TO DEFEND
HIS VILLAGE!

AND WITH THIS SPEAR
I RESTORE YOU TO
OUR TRIBE, JAFTA!
NOW, FETCH MY
GREAT SHIELD!



THE GREAT
SHIELD! BRING
THE KING'S
GREAT SHIELD!

MOMENTS LATER... GIVE THIS SHIELD
TO JABURRI AS MY PLEDGE
OF ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP! NEVER
AGAIN WILL THE WATUSSI
MOLEST A WEAKER TRIBE!



BY THIS SIGN YOU
PROVE THAT THE
WATUSSI ARE INDEED
GREAT WARRIORS! NOW
YOU ARE TRULY, THE
GIANTS OF THE JUNGLE!

THE
END

THE LATEST FAD THE GREATEST HIT!

SHERLOCK HOLMES DETECTIVE CAP



Get the year's biggest cap sensation—now! This sturdy wool and rayon detective cap is made and designed along the most expensive lines. Wear it all seasons, all occasions. Comes in handsome houndstooth check, either black and white or brown and white. State color and head size when ordering. Only \$2.98—and you get FREE Private Eye Badge and Powerful Magnifying Glass. Use coupon.



ONLY
\$2.98
POSTPAID

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Empire Mds. Co., Dept. F-1
2 Marble Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Send me, on your guaranteed offer, _____
Cap(s) Size _____ Color _____

Payment enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

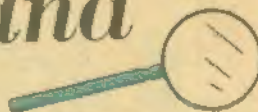
PLUS



"PRIVATE EYE" BADGE

Gold-like metal, same size and shape as police badge. Wear it on cap, coat lapel or shirt. Flash it on the gang. Sent absolutely FREE when you order cap.

and



"POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS"

You also get this powerful pocket magnifying glass. Study fingerprints, other clues. Handy in school and outdoors. Yours FREE with cap.

GUARANTEE: If you are not 100% pleased, return merchandise and your money will be refunded, without question, at once.
EMPIRE MDSG. CO., 2 MARBLE AVE., PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.



ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS.
U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS: Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Remco electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO: Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Myself your friends—plan your own radio programs and announcements.

RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS: Your Walkie Talkie can easily be converted to the broadcast band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver.

RADIO RECEIVER AND INTERPHONE



The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter, aerial attachment only \$3.98 (optional). Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality, finished molded plastic engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed — or your money refunded in full.



Certificate of Guarantee
If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE!
\$3.49
2 SETS COMPLETE

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE! We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

USE THIS COUPON

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., DEPT. F-2 Send check, cash, or M.O. to 23 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

- ☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units _____ Price \$3.49
- ☐ Send complete Walkie Talkies plus adapter and aerial _____ Price \$5.47
- ☐ Full payment enclosed. Rush order post-paid.
- ☐ \$1.00 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

EMPIRE MDSG. CO., 43 CENTRAL AVE., OSSINING, N. Y.

Rocketman OUT OF THIS WORLD

SPACE STORIES OF THE FUTURE

Now for the first time anywhere, ride through space with Rock Raymond — ROCKETMAN. Watch him as he outsmarts the mad scientist who is in search for eternal beauty, in the exciting adventure called "Beauties of Planet Land." See the thrilling rescue of Queen Merra, in the half light of twilight territory by ROCKETMAN. In a complete thrilling chapter on 16mm film you will learn of the fate of the beautiful Queen amidst the strange planets, hundreds of years hence. Space ships, strange beings all cast in a fantastic story of the future, "Beauties in Planet Land." This offer is being made through this comic magazine and the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER cannot be bought anywhere else excepting by mail. So don't delay, order now.

NOW!
98¢
Plus 2¢ for handling

New Sensational

needs no screen
... no batteries
... no electricity
nothing else to buy
a whole movie
outfit in itself!



Rocketman Televue dept. ZF-7
400 Madison Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER together with five complete different, exciting and full of action films (over 100 pictures).

Name

Address

City Zone State

Print Clearly.

No C.O.D.

Rocketman Televue dept. "ZF-7"
400 Madison Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.

EXTRA EXCITING FILM!

Be the first girl or boy in your neighborhood to own the new ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER, together with five (5) exciting different films with over 100 different pictures. Each film (16mm) (3) a complete story of different kinds. Packed full of thrills, action and adventure. The ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER is one of the finest viewers. Durable, beautiful colored plastic, super-lens, compact, easy to carry. Nothing to get out of order, lasts a lifetime. Original, exclusive, no other like it. Patented U. S. Patent Office. This offer is made through this comic magazine and you cannot buy the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER except by mail. So order now, while the supply lasts!

HURRY MAIL TODAY

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES**

2 ME'S
is YOU ?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE- **SISSY** below
ARMED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
**YOUR LAST
CHANCE**
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
**MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE**

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick wailing. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunk as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jovett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Loys D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!

Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM** **FR**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS

How to Build A MIGHTY BACK

How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST

How to Build MIGHTY LEGS

How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP

FREE → PHOTO BOOK HOW to Achieve Miracles of Steel, Muscles of Iron

How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE
F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
Times Winner
Perfect
Men Contest

ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. **WEAKLING.**
Look at him **NOW—**
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon

**Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME**

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE YOU A **NEW HE-MAN BODY** For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

1078 *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of ME-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Rager Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. ZD-27

Lowest Chair
grants in
World for
Building
All-Around
THE MEN
P. I. Kel
Director
Physiol

JOHNETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jonnett's Photo Book of
"Strong Men and a Muscle Meter" plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Leg - Run 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs - Run 4. In One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND INFO
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING IN C.O.D.'s

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ 7045 _____ STATE _____